Losing Steam

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Losing Steam

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Summary

How to dom(loss) your General

Notes

Shush

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The air in Feixiao's private quarters was so thick with the scent of musk, arousal, and heat that it felt like breathing in steam. It was a scent that would have sent any other Cloud Knight into a panicked state of alert, but for you, it was practically home.

You were currently buried in the plush blankets of her oversized bed, looking like a literal doll compared to the mountain of muscle hovering over you. Feixiao, the "Great General," the "Merlin's Claw," was currently on her hands and knees, her massive frame trembling with the effort of restraint. Around her neck was a heavy leather collar, and the leash attached to it was wrapped firmly around your fist.

"Patience, General," you chirped, your Foxian ears twitching with delight. "I thought you were supposed to have better control over yourself than this. You seem worried~"

Feixiao let out a low, vibrating growl that made you nearly shake. Her teal eyes were clouded, the white rings of her pupils blown wide as her Borisin blood began to simmer. "I'm worrying... about how long it's going to take me to repair this bed once I finally snap you in half."

She lunged forward, a predator's instinct taking over, but you snapped the leash taut. The collar dug into her neck, forcing her head up. The height difference was comical—even on her knees, she was towering over you—but in this moment, you were the one holding the reigns.

"Ah-ah," you tutted, crawling forward until your nose brushed against the side of her head. "I didn't say you could move. Don't make me punish you, Fei."

Your hand slid down, past the iron-hard slabs of her abs and the etch of her thighs, reaching the main event. Feixiao's heat was no joke. Between her legs, her dick was fully hard, a terrifyingly hot weapon of biological excess. It was a massive, crimson red slab of meat, pulsing with every heavy beat of her heart. It was thick-veined and heavy, so long and weighty that it actually curved downward under its own mass, the tapered tip twitching just inches from your thighs. At the base, the knot was already beginning to swell, a hard, rounded bulb that promised a lengthy lockdown for anything she got her hands on.

You wrapped your hand around it, but your fingers couldn't even meet on the other side. You let out a low whistle. "God, Fei. You really are a monster, aren't you? Look at this thing. It's bigger than my forearm."

"Then stop talking... and do something with it," she wheezed, her voice dropping into a guttural, primal register. Her large canine fangs were bared, glistening with saliva. "How long do you plan to do this?"

"As long as it takes for you to behave," you countered, leaning down to lick a long, slow stripe from the tip all the way to the base of the knot.

She barked—a sharp, involuntary sound of pure need—and her hips bucked. You immediately yanked the leash, forcing her head back down to face you, while you used your other hand to squeeze the base of that massive member.

"You're getting all worked up," you whispered, leaning in to bite and lick at her muscular chest. Her skin was hot enough to burn, and the taste of her—salt, musk, and power—was intoxicating. "Is it really that hard to do what you are told, General?"

"You're... playing with fire," Feixiao growled, her fingers digging deep furrows into the mattress. The hyperplasia was starting; you could hear the faint, wet pop and grind of her bones becoming denser, her muscles swelling even further as her body prepared for the violence of the act. "When I get my hands on you, I swear to everything..."

"Promise?" you teased, getting down all the way on the mattress so you could take the head of that red monster into your mouth.

You couldn't take much—it was simply too wide—but you used your tongue to swirl around the sensitive tip, swirling through the pre-cum that tasted as potent as she looked. You heard her breath hitch, that rhythmic huff-huff-huff of a wolf on the trail. You used your thumb to rub circles into the swelling knot, feeling the way it throbbed against your palm.

Just as she reached a breaking point, just as her back arched and her eyes began to slam shut, you pulled away. You sat back on your heels, dangling the leash tauntingly.

"Not yet," you said, your voice dripping with honeyed malice. "I think the Great General needs to beg a little more. You've been so busy hunting abominations... you forgot how it feels to be the one trapped in the snare."

Feixiao's head dropped, her white ponytail spilling over her heaving shoulders. She was vibrating, her skin slick with sweat that smelled like a forest fire. She looked up at you through her lashes, her fangs

fully extended, looking every bit the apex predator you knew her to be.

"Nnngh fuck," she rasped, a dark, hungry smirk pulling at her lips despite the desperation. "I'm going to knot you so deep you're gonna forget your rank. Please... please... let me—"

“Nope~”

Slinking around behind her, the heavy leather of the leash creaked as you wrapped it twice around your knuckles. "You're shaking, General," you purred, your voice a sharp contrast to the ragged, predatory gasps she was drawing. Reaching around her side you grabbed onto her leaking cock and began to stroke away. Your hand was a blur of motion, slicking her massive length with a mixture of her own leaking heat and your saliva.

You pumped her with a cruel, rhythmic deliberate speed, stopping the moment you felt the muscles in her thighs lock up. "Is the Merlin's Claw really so lowly as to beg? How embarrassing for the Yaoqing."

"You... little... brat," Feixiao wheezed. Her knuckles were white where she gripped the bedsheets, her fingers tearing through the expensive fabric like it was wet paper. "I'm going to... I'm going to tear you in half."

"You'll do what I let you do," you teased, leaning down to nip at the sensitive skin just below her ear, right where the collar sat. You flicked the head of her cock with your thumb, hearing her let out a choked, high-pitched whine that was purely canine. "But right now? You're just my big, needy pet."

That was the final thread.

With a speed that defied her massive size—the true, terrifying speed she was holding in—Feixiao moved. Before you could even blink, the world flipped. The leash was ripped from your grip, and the weight of a literal mountain crashed down on you.

Feixiao pinned your wrists above your head with a single massive hand, her palm wide enough to engulf both of your arms. Her other forearm pressed into the mattress beside your head, her bicep bulging, thick as all hell. She loomed over you, her body blotting out the light, her eyes glowing with a frenzied, red-rimmed hunger.

"Enough," she growled, her voice a deep, vibrating rumble that made

your vision swim.

She shifted, and you felt the wet, heavy slap of her cock against your stomach. You panted, your eyes widening in genuine shock as you looked down. The sheer scale of it against you scary. The deep red, veined shaft stretched from your lower belly all the way up to the space between your breasts, the tapered tip leaking a thick splurt of clear precum right between them. And the knot—God, the knot—was already looking swollen to the point it was wider than your own fist.

"Changed your mind yet?" she asked, a stupid, playful smirk stretching across her face, showing off those lethal canine fangs. "Or do you want to keep talking? Because I've got a lot pent up, and you're the only prey in sight."

You swallowed hard, your heart hammering against your ribs, but your Foxian pride wouldn't let you fold. You let out a shaky, defiant laugh. "I-Is that all, Fei? That's… nothing."

Feixiao's eyes flared. A slow, dangerous chuckle escaped her throat. "Nothing? Alright, don't say I didn't warn you."

She didn't ease in. She didn't give you a second to adjust. Feixiao grabbed your hips, her thumbs sinking into your flesh as she hoisted your legs up and drove home in one, devastatingly powerful thrust.

"AGHN!~" The sound was ripped from your throat as your world became nothing but heat and stretching pressure. It felt like being split in half, like her Borisin strength was trying to claim every one of your internal organs. She filled you so completely that there wasn't room for air, let alone another thought.

"Too much?" she taunted, her voice thick with boisterous, horny triumph. She began to move, her hips slamming into yours with the force of a battering ram. Thud. Thud. Thud. The headboard cracked against the wall with every rhythmic strike. "Where's all that lip now? Come on, soldier! Hold the line!"

You tried to reach for the leash, your fingers trembling as you grasped the leather lead dangling from her neck, but it was useless. You weren't in control anymore; you were just riding along. Every time she bottomed out, the beginning of that massive knot would bruise your entrance, threatening to force its way inside and lock you to her for the duration of whatever she had in store for you.

"Fei—! Feixiao!" you moaned out, your head tossing back into the

pillows, your ears flattened against your skull in pure sensory overload.

"That's it! Louder!" she roared, her movements becoming more aggressive, more frantic as the battle-frenzy began to seep into her blood. She leaned down, burying her face in the crook of your neck, her hot breath scalding your skin. "I told you I'd make you regret it! I'm going to fuck every bit of that bratty attitude out of you until you're shaking!"

She was laughing now—a wild, vivacious sound of a woman who loved the fight as much as the finish. She was a supreme weapon, and right now, she was wielding herself against you with terrifying, ecstatic precision.

"Mnnngh—! S-slow down!" You tried to plead with her, anything to try and get a moment to recover.

"What was that? I can't... hear you over the sound of you whining like a pup!" Feixiao taunted, her voice a guttural, joyous bark. She slammed into you again, her hips hitting yours with a wet, heavy thud that sent a jolt of white-hot lightning straight to your brain.

You tried to gasp out a retort, something about her technique or her ego, but all that came out was a high-pitched keen. Your back arched off the mattress, your toes curling into the blankets as that massive length carved through you. You felt every curve and vein, every pulse of her heat, as she treated your body like a toy.

"Look at you," she chuckled, leaning down so her sweat-slicked chest pressed against your own, the friction of your skin together creating a searing heat. "The little soldier is all quiet now. Where's that leash? Where's my master?"

"Shut... up..." you managed to wheeze, your fingers feebly clawing at the bunched, boulder-like muscles of her shoulders. You tried to push her off, to get just an inch of breathing room, but it was like trying to move a flagship. She didn't budge. Instead, she shifted her weight, pinning you flat with her entire massive body, her breasts crushing yours as she let out a long, shuddering breath.

"You gotta have some authority behind your demands y'know? Otherwise I'm not gonna listen," she hissed against your ear, her fangs grazing your lobe.

She stopped the frantic thrusting for a moment, drawing back until

only the tip remained inside, and then she lunged forward with a deliberate, bone-deep power. You felt it immediately—the rounded, terrifyingly wide curve of the knot hitting your entrance. It was far too large for the space you had to offer.

"Fei—no, wait—Feixiao!" Your ears stood up in genuine alarm as the stretch became a dull, heavy ache that threatened to split you in two.

"Don't 'wait' me now! We're just getting to the good part!" she laughed, her eyes wide and wild. She braced her feet against the end of the bed and pushed. You felt yourself being shoved up the mattress, your small frame sliding until your head hit the headboard, but she didn't stop. She used her weight, her strength, and the relentless drive to force the bulbous knot through.

With a wet pop, the widest part of her base slid inside you.

Your vision went white. Your mouth drooled open in a long moan as the knot locked into place, plugging you so completely that the air in your lungs felt trapped.

You were stretched to the absolute limit, your internals blooming with a sensation of fullness that was borderline agonizing and utterly addictive.

"There," Feixiao gasped, her forehead resting against yours, her ponytail a mess of white and teal across your face. Her heart was hammering like a war drum against your ribs. "Gotcha. No running now. Just—Haah! Hold on tight!"

She didn't wait for you to recover. She began to grind inside you, the knot pulsing and swelling even further as she reached her peak. Unable to pull it in or out she just rocked her hips back and forth with you attached, your lower half following every motion.

"I'm... I'm going to—!" She let out a jagged howl, her head snapping back as she finally lost control.

The heat was instantaneous. You felt the massive, pressurized spurt of her seed filling you, wave after wave of thick, hot cum hitting your cervix with enough force to make your breath hitch. She unloaded an impossible amount, her body jerking with the violence of the release, her fangs bared in a silent snarl of pure, unadulterated victory.

She slumped down on top of you, her heavy limbs pinning you into the sweat-soaked sheets. You were shaking, your breath coming in

ragged sobs, your body still twitching around the massive knot that refused to let you go.

Feixiao let out a long, satisfied purr that vibrated through your entire chest. She lifted her head just enough to give you a lopsided, fanged grin, her eyes still shimmering with some of the adrenaline.

"Heh, I think round one goes to me," she whispered, her voice husky, but mostly smug as shit. She gave a little experimental nudge of her hips, the knot still hard and locked deep inside you. "But don't get too comfortable, Foxy. I think I’ve got enough 'Hunt' left in me for a couple more rounds. You ready to earn that leash back?"

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